THE WEEKLY REGISTER.

THIRTY-THIRD YEAR. POINT PLEASANT, MASON COUNTY, WEST VIRGINIA, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1894. NO. 1.

OHIO CENTRAL LINES.

LOCAL TIME CARD.

Central Standard Time. In effectt Sunday, May 27th, 1894.

NORTH BOUND.

No. 1 arrives 8 35 a. m.—(Flyer.)
" 11 arrives 2 54 p. m. (Mail & Ex.
" 15 arrives 6 30 p. m. (Accom.)
" 61 leaves 5 50 a. m. (Accom.)

SOUTH BOUND.

No. 2 arrives 9 23 p. m. (Flyer.)
" 10 arrives 2 00 p. m. (Mail & Ex.
" 16 arrives 6 45 a. m. (Accom.)
" 60 arrives 6 45 a. m. (Accom.)

Trains No. 1 and 2 run solid between Charleston and Toledo, with new Pullman Drawing Room Chair Car, both ways. Trains Nos. 10 and 11 run solid between Columbus, Ohio, and Gauley Bridge. Trains No. 14 and 16 run between Point Pleasant and Gauley Bridge and trains Nos. 60 and 61 run between Point Pleasant and Gallipolis, O. For maps, rates, &c., and through tickets to all points, call on

H. B. ASBURY, AGENT.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

David Crocket's saying: "Be sure you are right and then go ahead," will do very well if you don't study too long to know whether you are right or not. There is danger of some other fellow getting ahead of you.

3 **Specimen Cases.**

S. H. Clifford, New Castle, Wis., was troubled with Neuralgia and Rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his Liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large Fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by G. W. M Hooff Druggist.

The West Virginia Republican League will convene at Fairmont June 19th, and we suppose they will make the usual claim of carrying West Virginia. Republicans when they get together in crowds never fail to do this.

3 **A Household Treasure.**

D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y., says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it, if procurable. G. A. Dykeman Druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best Cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Wy not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at Hooff's Drug Store. Regular size 50c. and $1.00.

Five prisoners in the Tucker county jail at St. George dug their way out to freedom one night last week. The hole was not large enough for the sixth and last prisoner and he was unable to escape.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25c. per box. For sale by G. W. M. Hooff, Druggist.

The Ronceverte Wheel Co., including the mercantile firm of J. F. Brown & Bros, made an assignment last Tuesday to E. H. Camp. Their liabilities are placed at $6,000; their assets at about $27,000.—*Watchman.*

Relief in Six Hours.

Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "NEW GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this is your remedy. Sold by A. C. Van Gilder, druggist, Point Pleasant. [nov. 29-1y

Eli Louk of Randolph county killed a 500 pound bear last Monday on Glady mountain. It was the largest bear killed in that section for many years.

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soft or Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavins, Curbs Splints, Sweeney, Ringbone, Stifles, Sprains, all Swollen Throats, Coughs, etc. Save $50 by the use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by A. C. Van Gilder, druggist, Point Pleasant.

An editor wrote a ball-room puff, saying: "Her dainty feet were encased in shoes that might be taken for fairy boots." But the blundering compositor made it read: "Her dirty feet were encased in shoes that might have been taken for ferry-boats."

When a man is going down, don't increase his trouble; when everybody is blaming him, do not swell the chorus of censure.

THE LOVED ONE'S NAME.

The youth sat there in his easy chair,
And from doze fell to slumber deep,
A smile played over his features fair,
And he murmured in his sleep.

Two friends came in, and he did not wake,
But uttered again—a name.
They did not distinguish the word he spake,
But a laugh to their gay lips came.

Why, he was a fellow that scoffed at love,
When the boys used to tell their tales.
He'd say that friendship was far above
The love that at most times fails.

Yet here he was, their comrade dear,
And they heard in his sleep there came,
As if he appealed to some loved one near,
From his lips a fond murmured name.

"Ha, ha!" they cried, "we've his secret now.
He can love just the same as we,
And when he wakes he must sure allow
That in love matters all agree."

Then they softly stept, and they nearer came,
And each slyly nudged the other.
Once more a longing voice called the name—
This time they heard it—'twas "Mother."

Ah, all serious now their faces grew,
They had mothers loved of their own,
And in sympathy silently they withdrew,
And the dreamer was left alone.

—Detroit Free Press.

HOW I GOT COMMAND.

It was a morning in the middle of September in the north Atlantic, the latitude about 33 degrees north and the longitude about 20 degrees west. Half a gale of wind was blowing; the seas were running in tall, dark green ridges, with a ceaseless melting of their heads into thunderous flashes of snowlike whiteness.

Strong as the sea ran there was not yet weight enough in the gale to heave a ship to, and ours—the Lansdown, of 1,000 tons, of which I, William Carew, was then the second mate—was storming before the wind homeward bound over the swelling and bursting surge at 10 knots an hour under reefed topsails and fore course, with a frequent courtesy of her bows that lifted the water to the level of the cat heads.

Captain Wilkins, the master, walked the weather side of the poop. I kept myself warm by trudging athwartships. The main deck was black and gleaming with the flying spray.

On a sudden a seaman in the foreshrouds hailed the poop, and pointing over the lee bow hoarsely bawled out some words which I could not distinguish. I went to the rail to look. Captain Wilkins also crossed the deck, and in a moment we saw the hull of a large ship looming in the spray thickened distance ahead.

We approached her so rapidly there was no need of a glass to see her condition.

She was painted black, but her clean, ruddy metal sheathing gave her the look of a new ship. All above the foremast was gone, but the foreyard still stood crossed, with fragments of white cloth streaming from it like the teeth of an old mutilated comb.

Her mainmast and maintopmast were standing, the main and topsail yards across, and the remains of the maintopsail flogged the gale from the bare bolt rope. All but about 15 feet of mizzenmast was gone. The stump stood up like a long fang, jagged and naked.

The vessel was rolling wildly. She lay in the trough, and though she rose to the sea with some suggestion of buoyancy she would stoop her rails in amazing rolls to starboard and port, to port and starboard, "dishing" the water, till you saw the bright green flood rush with the stoop of her to the opposite bulwark, where, with the fury of its discharge, it flashed up and blew away in clouds of dazzling spume.

There was a long deckhouse aft. The stump of the mizzenmast was stepped right through it, and on top of that house, holding on by the rail at the edge of it, were eight men as I counted them.

As we approached, two of the men exposed between them a small English ensign, so contriving to hold it stretched as to let us see that they meant the jack to be down.

No need, poor creatures, to signal their distress! They had not held the flag a couple of minutes when it blew out of their hands and swept like a gleam of red fire into the smother to leeward.

"She has no boats!" shouted Captain Wilkins to me. "But no boat would live in this sea. Yet those poor fellows must be rescued. Call all hands!"

He went to the wheel, and I, not immediately guessing his intentions, bawled to the boatswain to summon the whole of the crew on deck.

Now followed one of the most perfect bits of seamanship it was ever my fortune to witness. Our helm was shifted and the sails trimmed to bring the ship's head on a line with the stern of the wreck.

Captain Wilkins stood near the wheel, conning the vessel. He grasped a speaking trumpet. His eyes were cool, his manner composed. His firm lips were slightly parted. As the ship roared down upon the wreck, piling the foam to the spritsail yard, the captain, after speaking a word to the two helmsmen, took a step to the rail and lifted the trumpet to his mouth. While we thundered past the rolling, groaning, streaming, dismantled fabric, he shouted:

"Keep up your hearts, my lads! I am coming back for you. Watch your chance and jump aboard of us as we pass."

The next moment the wreck was on our quarter, but the men had heard, and we knew by the shout they raised that they understood him.

There was small chance of "staying" in such a sea as that. We "wore," reefed the mainsail, boarded the tack and thrashed to windward. Then putting our helm over we rounded for a second run down to the wreck.

The men had got off the deckhouse top and were standing on the taffrail ready for the jump. This was the instant to test whatever of courage, skill and resolution Captain Wilkins possessed.

The men who were to be rescued knew what they had to do. Our ship was steered within an easy lean from the stern of the wreck. But for the rolling hull's mizzenmast having been carried away within a dozen or 15 feet of the deck our maneuver must have been impracticable, as our yardarms would not have gone clear.

The two vessels lifted together with a thunder of foam betwixt the hulls and a Niagaralike roar of onward rushing surge.

"Leap!" bellowed Captain Wilkins, as our foreshrouds came abreast of the wreck's lee quarter.

Seven of the eight jumped. 'Twas a wonderful, heart moving sight to witness their forms in the throes of that terrific leap, but every man of them gained our deck.

The eighth remained. A panic terror had mastered him at the critical, breathless moment.

"I will return for you," shouted Captain Wilkins.

Again we "wore" ship, and getting to the windward shifted the helm for the third run down. The lonely man's figure was plain to be seen on the taffrail, now poised in a determined posture for the leap.

I was standing on the rail, with my hand upon the main royal backstay. At the moment when we were about two ship's lengths from the weather quarter of the wreck our ship broke into a sea with a sharp, wild leeward stagger that threw me overboard. I dropped in the beat of a heart and a minute later was swimming for my life on the swelling rush of the surge.

I recollect that I swam toward the wreck, but of the manner in which I got aboard her I but remember this, that some headlong sea ran me right into her main chains, where the roll of the hull left me stranded. Though breathless, I had my senses, and before the next lurch of the hull could dip me I had clambered over the rail and was crouching under the bulwarks, bewildered, confounded, as one just awakened from a nightmare.

I speedily discovered, however, that I should be drowned down here on this main deck, and made shift to get on top of the deckhouse. I was alone. The solitary man had evidently jumped. Whether successfully or not, I could not imagine.

I saw the Lansdown about half a mile distant to leeward in the act of heaving to, but it was not long after I had shown myself on top of the house that I saw her put her helm up and wore afresh and came thrashing to windward as before.

Now I certainly knew that Captain Wilkins, by the aid of the glass, had seen me and distinguished me, and that he understood that by some miracle my life had been preserved, so that I was certain he would rescue me.

I guessed that he designed the same maneuver by which he had delivered the eight men, but I shook my head at the thought. I was without the power to jump. I was half full of water, sick and exhausted.

The Lansdown came rushing along as before to pass close under the stern of the wreck. She was exquisitely handled. Even in those wild moments of shivering distress and the menace of death I felt a glow of admiration for Wilkins' consummate seamanship and the noble spectacle of his 1,000 ton ship foaming down upon me over the great dissolving and reforming mountains, her canvas like streaks of snow against the flying darkness of the sky.

I shook my head and pointed to the taffrail and then to the sea and made other significant signs. I was too weak to shout. The captain understood me. As the ship rushed past he, erect beside the wheel, roared out:

"All right, Carew! We'll stand by you! The moment it moderates we'll take you off!"

They hove to within a third of a mile. Feeling a little better, I began to look about me, and first of all I was persuaded that the crew had been too hasty in abandoning this bark. I was a sailor, with the capacity of feeling a ship with my feet, and I knew by the buoyant leap and toss of the fabric under me that she was taking in little water.

Her wheel was lashed. The whole apparatus of the helm was clearly quite sound. Her caboose was gone, but her pumps were in their place. Her two quarter boats were missing, from which fact I gathered that the crew had made efforts to get away in them, and perhaps some of the men had actually gone adrift in one or the other, or both.

Nothing but the keel of her long boat remained. The rest had been hammered into staves by the sea.

I was soaked to the skin, and the wind blew bitterly cold on that deckhouse top. No purpose was to be served by my remaining up there. So watching my chance I got on to the main deck and entered the deckhouse.

I closed the low, massive door behind me and found the interior dry. There were four sleeping berths in this place. I looked into them and found one to be the captain's. In this berth was some very good wearing apparel, which I put on to the very skin and felt a new man with the warmth and comfort of the change.

There was every appliance for the navigation of the vessel—chronometers, sextants, charts and the like. I looked for the logbook, but found instead the ship's box containing her papers, by which I discovered that the vessel's hold was filled with rum and tobacco and a quantity of valuable timber, all consigned to Bristol.

Now I understood why the fabric trembled and wallowed so buoyantly despite the water she was taking in over her rails. She was 700 tons; her last port was Kingston, Jamaica; her name was the Chocolate Girl, and she was full of such unsinkable stuff as rum casks and timber.

To further encourage my spirits I looked about me for something to eat and drink, and, lo! in the cabin that adjoined the captain's, which was fitted up as a pantry, I found a quantity of tins of preserved meat and a bag of ship's biscuit.

I ate and drank, and then, watching my chance, gained the deck again. Finding no difference in the weather, and the Lansdown lying in the same situation in which she had first hove to, I returned to the deckhouse and sat in the shelter of it.

The afternoon passed. It continued to blow hard with a mountainous sea. The blackness of the long, howling night that stretched before me was a thing frightful to contemplate, alone as I was.

I shall never forget the horrors of those hours of darkness. I believe I should have fallen crazy but for the thought of the Lansdown lying near. The main deck was so full of water that I dared not venture to leave the deckhouse lest I should be drowned in coming or going.

You will suppose I had no rest. I could not find the means to kindle a light and sat in utter darkness listening to the shrill edged thunder of the gale in the mutilated fabric aloft and feeling the leaps and falls of the vessel as the sea swept her on high, leaving her to rush giddily into the valleys between, with blows of the seething brine that sent shocks as from heavy artillery through her laboring frame.

The gale broke on a sudden before dawn. I went on deck at the hazard of my life, and in the dim greenness of daybreak in the east spied the black blotch of a ship about four miles distant.

Before the sun rose the wind shifted in a brief squall, and then blew a pleasant sailing wind out of east northeast. The sea went down as if by magic, though for some while a large, troubled swell continued to roll athwart the path of the breeze.

I presently knew the distant ship to be the Lansdown by her making sail and heading for the wreck, clothed from truck to waterway. Within an hour she ran by me to windward.

Captain Wilkins flourished his hand from the stern and hailed to know if all was right with me. I answered, "Yes." The Lansdown hove to, a boat was then lowered in charge of the chief mate and four men pulled across to the wreck.

By this hour the decks were fast drying. I took notice that the hull, spite the furious straining of the past hours, continued to lift very light and buoyant with the heave of the swell. I made my clothes into a bundle, and still wearing those I had found in the captain's cabin I entered the boat and was at once pulled aboard the Lansdown.

Captain Wilkins, breaking through the cold conventions of the quarterdeck, grasped me by the hand and congratulated me with the warmth of a brother seaman on my marvelous escape. He then spoke of the wreck and was about to give orders to trim sail and proceed on our course.

"I beg pardon, sir," said I. "Yesterday afternoon I overhauled that bark's papers. She's up to the hatches with rum, tobacco and valuable timber consigned to Bristol. I allow she's a tight ship. She seems brand new. It will be a pity to leave all that first rate stuff washing about down here to founder presently, if some skipper don't carry it home. If you should think proper, sir, and the men we took off will work her, I'll engage to navigate her to Bristol, providing you'll help us with a spare foretopmast and allow the carpenter to make certain repairs."

He pricked up his ears at this and looked earnestly at the bark, and after asking a number of questions as to her condition he said:

"Take a boat and the carpenter along with you and let him report the bark's condition to me."

This was done. We sounded the well and found but a foot and a half of water in the hold. We then tried the pumps and found them in good order. We opened the hatches and discovered that the cargo was as stated in the manifest.

After thoroughly overhauling the wreck we returned to the Lansdown, and Captain Wilkins on receiving the carpenter's report determined on jury rigging the craft and sending her home under my care, himself keeping me company in his own ship.

He told me that, according to a statement made by the survivors of the crew, the captain and mate of the Chocolate Girl had been washed overboard during the gale. The carpenter, who acted as second mate, and four seamen got into one of the boats, which blew away and was lost in the smother, and no doubt all five of them speedily perished.

A second boat was lowered and staved. The long boat had been knocked to pieces. The eight remaining hands of the crew were therefore helpless. Much was done that day toward equipping the bark for the homeward passage. The men of the Lansdown's crew, in charge of the bos'n and carpenter and myself, went on board, and, the weather having wonderfully favored us, before sundown we had towed some spare booms to the wreck and got them aloft and rigged.

Four of the eight men we had rescued offered to return to the vessel. The others swore they would have nothing more to do with the "hooker." Captain Wilkins lent me four of his own crew, which gave me as considerable a company as I stood in need of.

We remained on board the Chocolate Girl that night, and next day at sunrise bent sails and completed all that had been left undone. At noon, amid cheers from both vessels, we started for England under topsails and courses and a queer lateen arrangement on the stump of the mizzenmast and a big standing jibs welling at the bowsprit.

Under this canvas the bark answered her helm well, and under certain conditions of weather she slipped so nimbly through the water that the Lansdown had not often occasion to arrest her own way for us.

I arrived safely at Bristol within five weeks of the start after having kept company with the Lansdown to 44 degrees of north latitude, where we lost her in the night and saw no more of her.

The bark and her cargo were valued at £40,000, and the apportioned share of the salvage put a very considerable sum into the pocket of the owners of the Lansdown. The amount allotted me by the court was £350, with which I was perfectly well satisfied.

But what pleased me best was this—while the Chocolate Girl was in dry dock her owner, a gentleman of Bristol, offered me the command of her as a mark of his approval of my conduct. As I held a master mariner's certificate of competency, I at once closed with the offer, which was worth £12 a month to me, irrespective of certain small trading privileges.

So thus it was, through an extraordinary misadventure and a marvelous deliverance, that I obtained my first command at sea.—W. Clark Russell in Youth's Companion.

Practical Jokes of a Crow.

The crow has always loved mischief, but his pranks have not always been malicious, as were too many of the jokes of a bird that bore the name of Richie, which as a pet name for birds was surely not an improvement upon time honored Dickie. This crow, which was kept by a lady in Ireland, used to be fed on biscuit and water from his mistress' window, and it was not an uncommon thing for him to seize the tumbler in his bill and dash it to the ground. Sometimes he would enter a room on the sly and amuse himself by taking the corks out of bottles and pouring their contents over the carpet, or by scattering pins, papers, letters, ornaments and the like on the floor.

One day he flew away with a pencil and perched on a tree close by. To punish him his mistress refused to know him and pushed him away from the window the next time he came for food. In a short time he returned, bearing the stolen pencil unharmed except that the rubber end piece had vanished. Gravely laying it down on the window sill, he bowed and cawed in his best style, as if to say, "Come, now, let us be friends again."—Irish Times.

Calling on Friends' Guests.

Of course in inquiring for a friend who is staying with a stranger to the caller it is always proper to ask for the hostess and quite inadmissible not to do so. But the said hostess should have a little consideration, too, and not intrude her society upon the caller beyond the limits of mere politeness. It is egregiously selfish of her to monopolize the call herself or never to give the two friends an opportunity for a tete-a-tete. And this lack of delicacy on the part of one entertaining a visitor is one of the commonest forms of thoughtlessness. —Philadelphia Press.

Ouida.

Ouida, although she depicts such ravishing beauties in toilets to match, is herself both dowdy and untidy in appearance. Her hair is bleached and arranged in a frousy mass, and although 50 years old she surmounts it with a girlish broad brimmed hat of lace and tulle. She wears an orange colored gown overtrimmed with lace in her afternoon drives about Paris, which are taken in a brougham lined with bright blue satin.—New York World.

A Doubtful Compromise.

"I've worn out six pairs of shoes," said the collector, "coming after you with this bill."

"Don't let that bother you," replied the editor. "I've got an old pair that'll just fit you."—Atlanta Constitution.

Mexican Mud Pies.

We have all, as children, made mud pies, but the children at a hot spring at Gaudaloupa, Mexico, cook them, eat them and, besides that, make pocket money by selling them to tourists as souvenirs. A peculiar yellow clay is found there, and the natives say that the mud pies made of it by the children are not ill flavored. They speak from the recollections of childhood, though, I think, as I never saw an adult eat them. There is an interesting legend connected with the spring. It is said to have been of miraculous origin. An aged pilgrim, footsore, weary and hungry, lay down to rest where the spring now is. He had not a morsel to eat for three days, and there was no village, or house even, for many miles.

A rabbit had been caught in a thicket, even as the goat was that staid Abraham's hand. There was no means of preparing it for food, however. The pilgrim had the faith that moves mountains. Planting his foot in the yielding soil, he stood up and prayed for succor. A spring gushed out, as the water did from the rock when Moses smote it with his rod, only this spring was of hot water. The pilgrim slew and cooked the rabbit. He bathed his weary limbs in the water which he caught in a gourd and then allowed to cool, and then found that the waters had healing properties, for the bleeding wounds on his feet, sustained in his pilgrimage, were made well. The pilgrim afterward became a noted saint, adored to this day in the Mexican calendar, and the hot spring has never ceased to flow.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Silver Library.

There is in the royal library of Koenigsberg a silver library, consisting of a collection of 20 books, mostly theological, bound in pure silver and having a rich, symbolical ornamentation partly in gold. The library has been in possession of this treasure since 1611. These books were made by order of Albert, the first duke of Prussia, in the latter half of the sixteenth century. It is supposed that they were made at Nuremberg, where Albert was stationed for three years. Through the efforts of Ostander, and afterward Luther, Duke Albert became a friend of the reformation. Copies of the silver library are made accessible to students by taking heliographic copies of the same.—Berlin Letter.

HE WAS A GRATEFUL MAN.

But His Profuse Expressions of Thanks Were Not Well Received.

"I suppose you don't remember me, do you?" he asked of the cashier of a Jefferson avenue restaurant the other evening while business was a little slack.

"Can't say that I do," was the complacent reply.

"I was here three years ago tonight."

"Yes."

"I had just got off a train and was ragged, hungry and penniless."

"I see lots of such."

"No doubt you do, and if you are as kind to them as you were to me heaven will surely reward you. I came in here from the depot. I was dying for something to eat, but not one blessed penny had I in my pockets."

"Yes, I know."

"I stated my case to a waiter, and he ordered me out. I went out, but returned. Your kind and fatherly face attracted my attention, and with my heart beating tumultuously I stepped forward and stated my circumstances. You told me to sit down and eat my fill. Aye, with your own hands you filled my plate again and again with the very choicest of your viands. The bill was 70 cents. You told me to pay it when I could, and when I went out you gave me your hand and wished me godspeed."

"Yes, I know," growled the cashier.

"I went away vowing that I would pay that debt if I lived and thereby prove to you that all human hearts had not lost the feeling of gratitude. I am here. I have come from Montana on purpose to pay the debt and give vent to my feelings. Sir, I"——

"That will do," said the cashier as he raised his finger.

"What do you mean?"

"No more talk, but skip right out."

"But I want to discharge my debt of gratitude."

"Discharge nothing. You have made a mistake. I remember you now. I am the man who booted you clear across the street, while you filled up at a restaurant above. The man failed next day and has been dead a year."

"But, sir, I cannot"——

"Oh, yes, you can. If you don't skip, I'll crack your cocoanut with this club."

After the grateful man had departed I asked the cashier why he had been so brusque with him.

"Why, that game is 10 years old," he laughed. "The fellow had a bogus bank check for me to cash, and he figured on making $10 or $15. After being stuck three or four times you'll get right on to the 'fatherly kindness' and 'human gratitude' business. Cost me about $100 to learn all the tricks, but I've got 'em on the toe of my boot now. Pish! That fellow didn't do half as well as some others who have been in here this week."—Detroit Free Press.

A Slight Mistake.

The manager of a well known brewery in the Midland counties, remarkable for his severity and love of showing his authority to the employees of the firm, noticed one day while going his usual rounds in the brewery yard a big fellow lounging about on one of the railway sidings. Approaching him, he inquired what he was earning a week, and on being told 20 shillings the manager gave him a sovereign, at the same time telling him to clear out, as they could not afford to pay for idleness. Next day the manager saw the fellow again in the same place. Very angrily he said to him, "I thought I dismissed you yesterday!" You can imagine the manager's chagrin and surprise when the fellow told him that he was employed by the Midland Railway company.—Uttoxeter (England) Advertiser.

An Old Fashioned Adonis.

The Duke of Rutland is the Adonis of his party, the dandy of his house. During his 53 years of political life he has never been anything other than a dandy, though he is now so isolated an example of the old nobility as to find his counterpart only in some runic patrician upon the stage. His grace bustles through life a model of venerable gallantry. His blue frock coat, white vest, satin scarf, gray trousers, varnished boots, dimity gaiters, lustrous hat rakishly cocked upon his soft white silky hair, the puckered lineaments focused into a critical stare by the large gold eyeglass, compose a figure which is not to be met with every day.—New York Telegram.

The Great Seal of State.

It requires an order from the president of the United States to procure an impression of the great seal of state. Collectors of seals and autographs frequently write to the secretary of state for copies of the seal of state. The same formal reply is sent to all of them—that under the law no impressions of the seal can go out of the department unless they are affixed to official papers. The president of the United States could give authority to a collector to obtain an impression of the seal, but no president has ever done so.—Chicago Herald.

Merely a Guess.

The Spectacled Girl—Have you read "Ships That Pass In the Night?"

The Auburn Haired Girl—No. What kind are they? Courtships?—Indianapolis Journal.

Did She Get It?

Wife—John, I want $10 this morning.

Husband—How modest, my dear! I want $10,000, and if I don't get it by noon there's going to be an assignment. Good morning, my dear.—Detroit Free Press.

English and American Holidays.

An Englishman's holiday is looked forward to, planned for and provided for with some care, while all too often in America a holiday to a busy man over 35 is a white elephant.—Price Collier in Forum.